AUM

The nature of action, of forbidden action and of inaction must be well learned. The path of action is obscure and difficult to discern.

Renunciation of and devotion through works, are both means of final emancipation. But of these two, devotion through works is more highly to be esteemed than the renunciation of them.—*Bhagavad-Gita, Chs.* 4 & 5.

THE PATH.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1888. No. 10.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

RAYS FROM THE EAST.

(FRAGMENTS OF M.S.S., WRITTEN DOWN BY J.....)

The longings of no human heart are to be lightly set aside; each one of them is a sub-tone in the great harmony of life; each one is the cry of some brother who has often forgotten his language, but still feels his wants. In his heart burns, however feebly, the spark from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the centre from which it came.

True it is that a man may have been initiated, in his past lives, into many degrees of knowledge and power, who yet had not had certain experiences necessary before entering on the next degree; and furthermore, that not one single degree can be lost to him, even though he may now appear before you, in a human garb not inviting, not puissant, not impetuous, nor in any sense free from faults.

*** once wrote: "An abyss opens behind each step; he cannot go back, and an irresistible impulse urges him forward."

That "abyss" is the "era of achievement," the passage from an "intermediate form" into a "new type." It is *not* mere absorption. Absorption goes on for periods anterior to it. During the absorption, and after saturation, the being goes on assimilating. Adjacent tissue—so to say—alters by either what your scientists call *infiltration*, or by what Patanjali calls *supply of natures*. There could not be, when the process is completed, any recession to the old type after the intermediate form has disappeared. But truly, just as in your material world, during vast shadowy periods, the vacated—almost—intermediate types floated about until the *habit* of nature had changed and they became useless, and many beings had again and again reoccupied these forms, so in each daily life, or moral life, the intermediate forms remain until *your* habit has totally altered. They then disappear forever. So it is an abyss, great, profound, wide, silent and tenantless.

In a sense it is like the closed valve in the circulation, which permits no blood to engorge the heart. And the impulse that urges forward, has its source in the great heart which urges on the astral light that makes our poor human hearts beat to and fro. And as the mere motion of the heart cannot be stopped at ease because it is the servant of the great heart, so the impulse cannot be resisted by him who has voluntarily gone into the vast circulation of the great Adam; who, urged on by reverberating echoes from a *living* past, has started toward the goal. Often he knows not why he does so, and is perhaps unaware that the echoes have transformed themselves, by the subtle alchemy of nature, into unconscious leanings very often called "atavistic" (wrongly) by scientific men. So he knows them not as echoes.

Perhaps failure to carry out a chosen plan is part of a necessary step. Our failures to encompass a set end are our best teachers, provided we recognize the real work that inevitably is contained in the failure.

The very rush of the onset made by him who impetuously enters *the path*, has in itself the recoil, and a brave ship is required; and not only a brave ship, but also the pilot called by the name "experience," and the captain who has sailed in many seas.

Each man keeps his own account—with his eyes closed; but his hand writes down the correct sums, and the balance *has to be struck.*

The examiner of accounts is deaf, dumb and blind; the entries are in relief, and he measures them by touch.

I charge you to give these words to those whom you know are waiting and anxious to hear or see any words of mine.

May we be guided towards the living Truth. +

The Bhagavad-Gita.

(*Continued from December number.*)

Salutation to the Prowess of Krishna! May it be with us in the fight, strengthening our hearts that they faint not in the gloomy night that follows in the path of the day.

The First Abyss.

The first chapter is ended. In one aspect, the Bhagavad-Gita is a personal book. It is for each man; and it is in that way we have so far considered it. Some have called it obscure, and others a book which deals solely with the great principles of nature; with only great questions of cosmogony; with difficult and bewildering questions relating to the first cause; and still others think it is contradictory and vague. But this first scene in the great colloquy is plain. It has the din of arms, the movement of battalions and the disposition of forces with their generals. No one need feel any hesitation now, for we are face to face with ourselves. The weak man, or he who does not care for Truth no matter where it leads, had better shut the book now. Unless he can go on reading the poem with the fixed intention of applying it to himself, it will do him no good whatever. He may say, however, that he will read it for what it may seem to contain, but if he reads to the end of time and does not fairly regard this first lecture, his knowledge gained further on will be no knowledge. It is indeed the book of the great mystery; but that problem was never solved *for* any one; it must be settled and solved *by* each one *for himself*. No doubt it was for this reason that Vyasa, to whom the poem is attributed, placed this conflict, in which the principal characters are Arjuna and Krishna, at the outset. It would have been easier to have made them sit down for a philosophical discourse beforehand in which reasons *pro* and *con* regarding any battle would be discussed, and then, after all that was done, to show us Arjuna, encouraged and equipped, entering upon the war sure of victory because he had spent much time in dispelling his doubts. But instead of doing this he pictures the impetuous Arjuna precipitating the battle before he had considered whom it was he had to fight.

It does not appear in the Bhagavad-Gita, that Krishna had induced Arjuna, as was the case, to make the war for the purpose of regaining his kingdom. While stirring him up to it Krishna had wisely refrained from telling that which Arjuna finds out on the first day, that he had to oppose all these friends, kinsmen and preceptors. It was a wise reticence. If we completely apprehended the enormous power of our passions and various tendencies, most of us would throw up the fight in advance; for nothing would persuade us that any power within could withstand against such over-

whelming odds. For us then the incitement to fight is found, not so much in any conversation that we hold now with Krishna, but in the impulses which are carried across, again and again, from incarnation to incarnation.

We take up the gage over and over, life after life, in experience after experience, never completely defeated if we always look to Krishna—our Higher Self. And in the tale of Arjuna we find this also. For in a succeeding book called "Anugita," is an account of the hero walking with Krishna through the Palace of Maya. The battle over, for the time, Arjuna tells his friend that he has really forgotten much that he had told him (in Bhagavad-Gita) and asks for a succinct repetition. This is given to him by the great warrior.

The palace of Maya is this body of illusion, built up around us by desire. In our last births we had all the advice given in this poem, and walking to-day through the palace, which sometimes seems so lovely, we now and then have reminiscences from the past: sometimes we stoutly take up the fight: but surely, if we have listened to the Guide aright we will compel ourselves at last to carry it out until finished.

In coming to the conclusion of this first chapter, we reach the *first abyss.* It is not the great abyss, albeit it may seem to us, in our experience, to be the greatest. We are now *vis-a-vis* with our own despair, and doubt his companion. Many a student of Theosophy has in our own sight reached this point—all true students do. Like a little child who first ventures from the parent's side, we are affrighted at what seems new to us, and dropping our weapons attempt to get away; but, in the pursuit of Theosophy it is not possible to go back,

Because the abyss is behind us.

There is in nature a law that operates in every department whether moral or physical, and which may now be called that of undulation and then that of inhibition; while at other times it reappears as vibration, and still again as attraction and repulsion, but all these changes are only apparent because at bottom it is the same. Among vegetables it causes the sap to flow up the tree in one way and will not permit it to return in the same direction. In our own blood circulation we find the blood propelled from the heart, and that nature has provided little valves which will not permit it to return to the heart by the way it came, but by the way provided. Medical and anatomical science are not quite sure what it is that causes the blood to pass these valves; whether it is pressure from behind communicated by the heart, or the pressure by atmosphere from without which gently squeezes, as it were, the blood upon its way. But the Occultist does not find himself limited by these empirical deductions. He goes at once to the centre and declares that the impulse *is* from the heart and that that organ receives its impulse from the great astral heart or the Akasa, which has been

said by all mystics to have a double motion, or alternate vibration—the systole and diastole of nature.

So in this sense the valve in the circulation represents the abyss behind us that we cannot repass. We are in the great general circulation, and compelled whether we like it or not, to obey its forward impulse.

This place of dejection of Arjuna is also the same thing as is mentioned in "*Light on the Path*" as the silence after the storm. In tropical countries this silence is very apparent. After the storm has burst and passed, there is a quietness when the earth and the trees seem to have momentarily ceased making their familiar, manifold noises. They are obeying the general law and beginning the process of assimilation.

And in the astral world it is just the same. When one enters there for the first time, a great silence falls, during which the regulated soul is imbibing its surroundings and becoming accustomed to them. It says nothing but waits quietly until it has become in vibration precisely the same as the plane in which it is; when that is accomplished then it can speak properly, make itself understood, and likewise understand. But the unregulated soul flies to that plane of the astral world in a disturbed state, hurries to speak before it is able to do so intelligibly and as a consequence is not understood, while it increases its own confusion and makes it less likely that it will soon come to understand. In the Theosophical Society, as well as out of it, we can see the same thing. People are attracted to the astral plane; they hear of its wonders and astonishments and like a child with a new toy in sight they hurry to grasp it. They refuse to learn its philosophy because that seems dry and difficult. So they plunge in, and as Murdhna Joti said in a former article in this magazine, they then "swim in it and cut capers like a boy in a pool of water."

But for the earnest student and true disciple, the matter is serious. He has vowed to have the truth at whatever cost, willing to go wherever she leads—even if it be to death.

So Krishna, having got Arjuna to where the battle has really begun, where retreat is not possible, begins to tell his loved disciple and friend what is the philosophy that underlies it all and without which success cannot be compassed.

We should not fail to observe at this point, that when Arjuna threw down his bow and arrows, the flying of missiles had already begun. We cannot say that when the philosophical discourse began between these two the opposing forces declared a truce until the mighty heroes should give the signal, because there is nowhere any verse that would authorize it, and we also can read in the accompanying books that all the paraphernalia of war had been brought on to the field and that the enemy would not desist, no matter what Arjuna might do. Now there is a meaning here, which is also

a part of the great abyss the son of Pandu saw behind him, and which every one of us also sees.

We enter upon this great path of action in occultism mentally disposed towards final victory. This mental attitude instantly throws all the parts of our being into agitation, during which the tendencies which are by nature antipathetic to each other separate and range themselves upon opposite sides. This creates great distress, with oftentimes wandering of the mind, and adds additional terror to our dark despair. We may then sink down and declare that we will fly to a forest—or as they did once in Europe, to a monastery—so as to get away from what seems to be unfavorable ground for a conflict. But we have evoked a force in nature and set up a current and vibration which *will go on* no matter what we do. This is the meaning of the "flying of arrows" even when Arjuna sat down on the bench of his chariot.

At this point of our progress we should *examine our motive and desire.*

It has been said in some Theosophical writings of the present day, that a "spiritualized will" ought to be cultivated. As terms are of the highest importance we ought to be careful how we use them, for in the inner life they represent either genuine, regulated forces, or useless and abortive things that lead to nothing but confusion. This term "spiritualized will" leads to error, because in fact it has no existence. The mistake has grown out of the constant dwelling on "will" and "forces" needed for the production of phenomena, as something the disciple should strive to obtain—whether so confessed or not—while the real motive power is lost sight of. It is very essential that we should clearly understand this, for if we make the blunder of attributing to *will* or to any other faculty an action which it does not have, or of placing it in a plane to which it does not belong, we at once remove ourselves far from the real knowledge, since all action on this plane is by mind alone.

The old Hermetic statement is: "*Behind will stands desire,*" and it is true.

Will is a pure, colorless force which is moved into action by *desire.* If desire does not give a direction the will is motionless; and just as desire indicates, so the will proceeds to execute.

But as there are countless wills of sentient beings constantly plying to and fro in our sphere, and must be at all times in some manner acting upon one another, the question arises, what is that sort of knowledge, which shows how to use the will so that the effect of counteracting wills may not be felt. That knowledge is lost among the generality of men and is only instinctive here and there in the world as a matter of Karmic result, giving us examples of men whose will seems to lead them on to success, as Jay Gould and others.

Furthermore, men of the world are not desiring to see results which shall be in accord with the general will of nature, because they are wanting this and that for their own benefit. Their desire, then, no matter how strong, is limited, or nullified: (1) by lack of knowledge of how to counteract other wills; (2) by being in opposition to the general will of nature without the other power of being able to act strongly in opposition to that too.

So it follows—as we see in practice in life—*that men obtain only a portion of that which they desire.*

The question next arises: Can a man go against the general will of nature and escape destruction, and also be able to desire wickedly with knowledge, and accomplish, through will, what he wishes?

Such a man can do all of these—except to escape destruction. That is sure to come, no matter at how remote a period.

He acquires extraordinary knowledge, enabling him to use powers for selfish purposes during immense periods of time, but at last the insidious effects of the opposition to the general true will makes itself felt and he is destroyed forever.

This fact is the origin of the destruction-of-worlds-myths, and of those myths of combats such as between Krishna and Ravana, the demon god, and between Durga and the demons.

For in other ages, as is to again occur in ages to come, these wickedly desiring people, having great knowledge, increase to an enormous extent and threaten the stability of the world. Then the adherents of the good law can no longer quietly work on humanity, but come out in force, and a fight ensues in which the black magicians are always destroyed, because the good Adepts possess not only equal knowledge with the bad ones, but have in addition the great assistance of the general will of nature which is not in control of the others, and so it is inevitable that the good should triumph always. This assistance is also the heritage of every true student, and may be invoked by the real disciple when he has arrived at and passed the first abyss.

"And when the Great King of Glory saw the Heavenly Treasure of the Wheel, he sprinkled it with water and said: 'Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel! O my Lord, go forth and overcome!'"

WILLIAM BREHON.

(*To be continued.*)

RAHULA'S INHERITANCE.

"* * The spirit promised me that I should dwell with the crooked moon in her eternal beauty."

In that wonderful Age which our nurses call Once-upon-a-time, the Prince Rahula came into the Hall of Sages and demanded his birthright. The Wise Ones heard him in silence, and he seemed to be dismissed without an answer. On the following day he came again, with the same ill success ; so the third time and up to the seventh demand, being always unnoticed and even, as he thought, unseen. On the eighth day a messenger returning to the Council of Sages, found Rahula seated upon a plinth at the entrance to the temple.

"What doest thou there, my Lord ?" demanded the messenger.

"I have taken up my abode here, nor will I stir hence until the Wise Ones shall have heard me," answered Rahula.

"But is it meet that thou shouldst sit here so lowly, Prince that thou art?"

"It is meet that a man do all things to obtain his birthright. For him there is nothing else, and great or small, honey or poison, mine shall be mine."

The messenger bowed before him. "Thou art more than royal ; thou art wise," he said. Then he hastened within, and when the Sages heard what he had seen they sent for Prince Rahula, who presently saluted them reverently and said: "I am come to claim mine own. I am the Prince Rahula and I am well known to you ; seven times already have I claimed it."

"Yes, my Son," answered the Elder ; "but it is customary to prove a man, that his determination may show him the true heir, so that no impostor shall receive the inheritance kept for him by the Sons of Wisdom. Only those who know their rights and wrest them from Fate by strong courage, are true Princes of the royal line. But there is still a sign and countersign to pass between us e're we bestow thy birthright upon thee. Dost thou know them ?"

The young Prince smiled a smile that was rarely sweet, drew himself to his full height, and tossing back his mantle, displayed to the Sages a crimson heart, transfixed with a golden lance. The Sages rose and saluted the Emblem, and parting their robes, each showed such a heart beneath his own breast. Only in the centre of theirs was written the word *Humanity*, and the lances were of living light, and a musical throb that was in itself a perfume was the pulse of each heart.

"Thou knowest the sign indeed," said the Elder to Rahula. "Take now the countersign. Remember that the wise and perfect heart pulsates for man alone. Thou hast demanded thy birthright in the name of the pierced heart : take it, and go in Peace."

At his signal the messenger brought to Rahula a large and brilliant crystal. It was shaped like the crescent moon : one side of it was covered with hieroglyphs cut into the stone ; the other sparkled from innumerable facets like a field of hoar frost at sunrise. Rahula looked at it seriously. "A strange gift for a warrior," he said. "What is its use, my Lords? What shall I do with it?"

The Elder answered: "It is the birthright deposited with us at thy coming into the world and we can give thee no other. Its use is for thee to discover. We are but the guardians, not the interpreters. I have spoken."

Vainly Rahula besought him, no other word was uttered ; the Sages had resumed their silence and at last, lit by the rays of the shining moon, Rahula left the temple and re-entered life. Long he considered the jewel ; of the characters he could make nothing. So he determined to hang the great crystal beneath the royal gateway, where all men might see it, and perchance its use might be discovered. This was done, and the life of the great city passed on beneath the mysterious crystal. Soon strange tales were told of it; at night its wonderful brilliance shattered the darkness with a thousand rays, which were never so softly penetrating as when they lit the weary to his home, or pointed out his task ; which were never so blinding and sharp as when they shone into the face of sin and confessed it. These living rays seemed to single out certain men and passing before them, to light them to happiness and good fortune. It was found that such men had always sought after the light with single hearts, so that people began to desire to be well considered by the spirit of the gem, and to take its rays for guidance. Others still, looking for the solution of grave problems of labor and of want, found the answer in the heiroglyphs of the crystal moon, and translated them into many longing lives. Nor was this all. The gem reflected the heavens and their mysteries to those who looked down upon it from hard won heights, and cast also an illumination from those holy lands upon the wayfarers beneath who could not climb so far. It shed from its resplendent facets the life and warmth of the sun, and through the solemn marches of the nights it testified to the living Truth beyond the stars, and so renewed the religion of the people. All who appealed in faith to its hidden spirit were helped: the sick who struggled to touch it were made whole or given great patience and content. At the first touch of sunrise, at the last ray of sunset, seven musical notes rang from its flashing rim and turned to ineffable harmony the lives of all who heard them. Thus the light of a great peace fell over the city; friend and foe alike came from afar to share it and the reign of Rahula blessed even his enemies.

The Prince thought long over the strange power of the crystal as the happy people passed and repassed beneath it. He thought it too diffused ;

he determined to concentrate and heighten it, and summoning his servants, bade them take down the crystal from the gateway and bring it into one of the great halls of the palace. When this was done, and the soft shining no longer lit those stony ways, the people murmured, so that the Prince went out and himself spoke with them :

"I have been long learning the use of my birthright," he said, "The crystal is too rare a thing to hang thus exposed to the elements, to the enterprise of my rivals, the greed of envious men and to all the chances of fate. I have built an altar in the palace hall ; the gem shall hang above it ; incense shall rise ; the gods will answer me from between the horns of my crystal moon, and send riches to me and to my kingdom. These I will myself dispense to you, and the jewel shall still bless you, but my foes shall be confounded."

All were silent a moment. Afterwards a woman in the crowd fell to weeping and cried out : "Do not this thing, my Lord ! Hide not the light of thy birthright from us. We love the gem, and that love is more to us than any riches."

"You shall still love it," replied Rahula "more, you shall worship it, for this crystal is the abode of a mighty spirit ; it is the signet of the Gods."

"To worship is not always to love," sobbed the woman, and the crowd complained loudly. But Rahula replied again : "The gem will make my reign renowned. It shall not be profaned by the dust and steam of the byways, by the fevered touch of the sick and the desecration of unhallowed eyes. In the shelter of a sacred place it shall shine for the good alone, and those who do homage to me and who are taught of my priests, these the crystal shall bless, and not my enemies ; yea, it shall still bless all my true people. I have said." Rahula disappeared and the crowd went away muttering.

A great change came over the city. Little by little, the old turmoil came back, the old discord and wrangling went on beneath the gateways. The memory of that soft shining died out of the fevered hearts, and soon only the aged and the little children remembered to mourn for the lost gem. But within the temple incense rolled, priests knelt consulting the oracles, wise men interpreted the hieroglyphs seeking riches and fame for Rahalu, while over all the white moon hung pale and shuddering in the perfumed breeze. A change came over it like the change in the city. The smoke of worship obscured the rays, then obstructed them ; then they ceased shining altogether and the face of the moon was veiled in mist. The temple music drowned the bell notes, and though it was stopped when this was discovered, those notes sounded no more, for the sunrise and sunset glow no longer flooded the crystal rim. The hieroglyphs told wonderful tales of fame and pomp and war, but all turned out illy, and Rahula found that his priests

had read them backward, that only the people knew their language by instinct, as the language of their infancy. The glory and beauty of the great gem were gone; none but the priests would do it homage, and it hung, a fallen and impotent thing in the chill silence above the altar. Rahula felt a certain awe, a sense of coming disaster. He bade his servants take down the crystal, set cunning artificers to brighten and restore it, and then, ordering a great festival to be held, he had the stone replaced above the gateway, and waited for the joy and praises of the people.

Instead he heard jeers, flouting and anger. "Does he weary of his pleasure, that he flings it forth to us again?" cried some. Others said: "The stone has brought him ill fortune, and he would cast it over the city instead." Some pointed at it as an old superstition; some prostrated themselves in loud worship, but these were men of evil conscience who sought to propitiate the Prince for their own ends. Some indeed there were who tried to read words of comfort or peace in the gem, but the artificers of the Prince had altered the signs unknowingly and all the real meaning was defaced. While Rahula saw this, first with anger, then with deadly pain and grief, a black storm slowly rolled up, gathered, burst, and in an hundred lightnings the stone was shattered, its splintered fragments hurled down the tempest and lost. The people fled the city in terror, crying that the gods had punished them for reverencing a birthright other than their own, as was forbidden to man. When the storm was over, one pallid star looked out of the clouds upon a deserted palace, and a lonely Prince brooding over his lost birthright, questioning the mystery of that destruction.

Long he searched his heart in the solitude but it gave no answer that he understood; he too had forgotten a language. He rose with sudden recollection; he would go to the hall of Sages. Even as he thought this the Elder stood before him. The Prince shot a glance of hope into that calm face, a glance that changed to one of dismay as the Sage said gravely: "What hast thou done with thy birthright?"

"I? Nothing;" stammered Rahula. Mocking echoes multiplied the word. "Nothing! Nothing!" came back to him from all his empty halls like an accusation. He turned quickly upon the Elder:

"Answer me this," he said. "What is this gem, whose power and value are so great, and yet so small? What is it that is both everything and nothing?"

"It is Life. Life which bestowed upon the world is of priceless worth to thee and to all, and which for selfish ends is but an empty thing; Life which thou shalt lose if thou keepest it for thyself. Used as a means, Life is glorious in power and opportunity, fruitful in blessing. Used as an end, a thing sought and worshipped in itself, it is the scorn of mortals and the sport of gods. This was thy only birthright, and thou hast lost it."

"But I will find it again; I will seek the world for the fragments," spoke Rahula. "They shall once more mirror heaven and once more shine upon the people." He went forth to search strongly, a weary search of centuries, for wherever mankind may dwell, there still wanders Rahula, seeking those broken fragments, seeking to restore their scattered meaning. Happy he, who having received Life whole from the gods, gives it back to them in unbroken integrity through the lives of all the people.

J. CAMPBELL VERPLANCK.

KEELEY'S "INTER-ETHERIC FORCE."

The following is a free translation from a French rendering of some important passages from the new book Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is now finishing in London, and entitled "*The Secret Doctrine.*" Our translation has not been revised by the author, so that she must not be held accountable for any possible small errors that may have crept in through such double filtering; but the general sense is in strict accord with her views expressed long ago to us, and we feel warranted in saying that any errors are only verbal and not substantive. It was not thought necessary, either, to give the long quotations respecting Keeley's claims, as these are well known in this country.

"Every student of occultism knows that *sound* is one of the most formidable of occult powers: one whose least exercise, by an occultist, is productive of results a hundred thousand fold greater than all the electricity that could be produced even by such a waterfall as Niagara. It is possible to produce a sound capable of lifting in air the Pyramid of Cheops; or of bringing back to life, and inspiring with renewed vigor, one who is at the very point of death.

"For *sound* comprises the elements of a species of ozone whose production is beyond the powers of Chemistry, but appertains to those of Alchemy. This ozone can recall a man to life, provided that the Astral, or vital, body has not been irrevocably separated from the physical body, by the severance of the odic or magnetic tie which unites them. The Author ought to know something about this by personal experience, having been snatched from the jaws of death, on three separate occasions, thanks to this power.

"In the opinion of occultists, Mr. Keeley is on the threshold of one of the greatest secrets of the universe: a secret upon which depends the whole mystery of physical forces, as well as the esoteric meanings of *the egg of the world.* Occult philosophy regarding the manifested and the non manifested

Kosmos as forming a *unity*, it follows that the ideal conception of the first is symbolically expressed by this '*golden egg*,' which has two poles.

"It is the positive pole that exerts itself in the manifested world of matter; while the negative pole loses itself in the absolute unknowable, the *Sat*.

"This, however, cannot be the doctrine of Mr. Keeley, since he believes in a personal God. However, his ideas about the etheric, material constitution of the universe bear a striking likeness to ours: in fact, they are almost identical.

"But Mr. Keeley's *inter-etheric* centre is not exactly the centre of *laya* of the Eastern Occultists. The former can be produced at will, as has been proved by the phenomena of the Astral bells:[1] but the *centre of laya* cannot be produced by ***human*** will.

"If we are unwilling to accept the explanation that Mr. Keeley gives us—one which, from the occultist point of view, is perfectly orthodox, except for some obscurities of language—what answer will official science make to *facts* which it is impossible to deny? Occult philosophy only discloses its sacred mysteries one at a time. It drops them, like precious pearls, from time to time, during the course of the centuries, and only at those epochs which are marked by the movement of the rising wave of Evolution which bears humanity slowly, silently, but surely towards the birth of the sixth race. For, once having passed out of the possession of their legitimate guardians, these mysteries cease to be occult: they fall into possession of the public, and run the risk of becoming in the hands of egoists—the Cains of the human race—curses, instead of the blessings that they formerly were.

"However, when men like Mr. Keeley are born, endowed with special mental and psychic powers, they are, as a general rule, aided by the guardians of the occult; since if they were left to their own resources, they would advance but slowly, and would soon become martyrs of their discoveries, or victims of less scrupulous speculations. But they are never thus aided except upon the express condition that they shall never, whether consciously or unconsciously, become a new peril to the humanity of their century, one more danger to the poor, who are daily offered in holocausts to the very rich by those who are less so.

"Mr. Keeley, then, is what the Kabbalists term a 'magician born.' Such as he is, however, he does not know, and never will know, the full extent of his powers. He will only be able to profit by such as he has discovered himself, in his own nature. And this for two reasons. Firstly, because he attributes to these powers a false origin which will prevent him from giving them full play; and secondly, because he is incapable of communicating to others that which is an inherent capacity of his own nature.

1 See "Occult World."

He will, therefore, be unable to transmit all of his secret for permanent application.

"It is not *rare* to find individuals endowed with a like faculty. If we do not hear them spoken of more frequently, it is because in almost all cases they live and die without suspecting that they are possessors of any abnormal powers. Such powers are considered abnormal to-day, only because they are as little known as was the circulation of the blood before the epoch of Harvey. The blood existed and acted in the same way that it does to-day, in the first man that was born of woman: just so there is in man a principle that is capable of directing and regulating the vibratory inter-etheric force. This principle exists, at least, in those whose 'inner self' is connected by direct descent with that group of *Dhyan-Chohans* called the 'first-born of the Ether.' From the psychic point of view, humanity is divided into different branches, each of which is attached to one of the groups of *Dhyan-Chohans* who 'in the Beginning' created the *psychic man*. Mr. Keeley, favored by such a connection, and being endowed, in addition, with a remarkable psychic temperament and an extraordinary mechanical genius, is capable of achieving the most marvellous results. That which he has just accomplished is in itself sufficient 'to demolish, with the hammer of science, the idols of science'—those idols whose feet are clay.

"There are limits which Mr. Keeley will be unable to pass: yet, without doubt, his name will go down to posterity for that which he shall have accomplished in the domain of *psycho-physical* inventions. He will be known as *the benefactor of the rich*. Whether *the poor* will have cause to bless this great man is quite another question. The miners, the engineers, the mechanics, the millions of unfortunate working men who gain with difficulty their daily bread by the work of their hands, will find themselves without occupation on the day that the 'vibratory etheric force' of Mr. Keeley shall have taken the place of steam engines and other means of locomotion. *But that day will not come!*

"The force that Mr. Keeley has just unwittingly discovered is none other than that terrible astral power known to the Atlanteans, and called by them *Mash-mah*. It is 'vril' of 'the Coming Race' of Bulwer's romance, and of the future races of humanity. The word '*vril*' may possibly be an invention of the writer of that story: but the force itself is not, for it is referred to in all of the secret books of India. It is this identical vibratory force which, directed against an army by means of a machine (*agni-rath*) stationed in a '*flying vessel*,' according to the instructions laid down in the *Ashtar Vidya*,'[1] would reduce a hundred thousand men and elephants to cinders as easily as if they were wisps of straw. It is mentioned in the

1. A Hindu book.—[Ed.]

'*Vishnu Purana*' under the symbol of the 'glance' of Kapila,—the Sage, who, by the glance of his eye, reduced the sixty thousand sons of King Sagara to a heap of ashes.

"And is it conceivable that it will be permitted to our generation to add this *Satanic* power to the choice collection of the toys of the children of Anarchy,—such as melinite, dynamite clocks, explosive oranges, 'bouquets of flowers,' and such like innocent trifles? Is it possible that the 'Elder Brothers' of the race should deliver, to the cupidity of our century, this destructive agent, which, in the hands of some modern Attila or of some Anarchist thirsting for blood, could in a few days reduce Europe to primitive chaos? Never! The discovery of Mr. Keeley comes a hundred thousand years before its proper time. It will never truly take its place in the cyclic evolution of humanity until the threatening tide of capitalistic monopoly shall have ebbed; which will take place when just claims shall have been listened to.

"When such a thing as unjustly paid labor exists only as a matter of history—when the cry of famine ceases to be heard in the world,—then only will the discovery of Mr. Keeley cease to be an anachronism, because then the poor will have more use for it than the rich."

In the foregoing we find additional interest upon reading in the *N. Y. Sun*, of December 15, 1887, an account of the last annual meeting of Mr. Keeley's company, at which his report upon his discovery was read. Among other things he said:

"After a succession of interesting but laborious experiments, he produced in March of 1885 what he termed a liberator, which could be operated in conjunction with the generator, and was a vast stride in advance of anything accomplished hitherto. Meanwhile phenomena had been unfolded to him, opening a new field of experiment, as the result of which he became possessed of a new and important discovery. Hereafter he shall not, he says, require the generator or liberator, and his operations will be conducted without either the vaporic or etheric forces, which heretofore played such an important part in his exhibitions. What name to give his new form of force he does not know, but the basis of it all, he says, is vibratory sympathy. It may be divided, too, into negative and sympathetic attraction, these two forms of force being the antithesis of each other. As to the practical outcome of his work, Mr Keeley could make no promises.

"Among the work yet to be done is the construction of a sympathetic machine of a very delicate character. While this will be a perfect vibratory structure itself, its function is to complete the work of graduation or governing of the force, but as to what length of time it will take to complete the work he cannot say."

Evidently the end is not yet. By this report we see that even since Madame Blavatsky wrote her remarks, Mr. Keeley has been thrown off the track, has *given up*—or gone beyond—all that he had hitherto done, and now is engaged on "a new form" and a "sympathetic vibrator," which will take longer to complete than he cares to say; and when that is completed, there will be further steps necessary before practical results are seen.

The Appeal unto Caesar.

When Rome ruled the world, in her Cæsar was focussed all her power. A claimant for Justice, challenging judgment with the cry:—"I appeal unto Cæsar!" was answered: "Then Cæsar will hear you." He had taken refuge at the foot of the throne, and men spoke of an appeal unto Cæsar, as a supreme and final step. It evoked an irrevocable decision. Despite the lapse of time this appeal impresses the mind with unimpaired majesty because it is the type of a living truth. The appeal unto Cæsar has eternally place in the spiritual world.

When a man first feels within himself the strange throb of that power which tells of a higher life than that in which he is immersed; when it spurs him away from the material and beckons to him as from glimpses of the spiritual, he looks about him for information, for traces of a course to be pursued. He questions his fellows; he reads many books; he hearkens to teachers and authorities, both real and nominal. A huge mass of external information is sifted by him, and in the end he finds—confusion! His intellect may be fed for a while, but at last the support of the heart fails it; it is saturated, plethoric, atrophied. He turns then to Life itself. He questions the boasts and the despair, the revelry and the agony; he asks of Love, of Hope, of Fear, and Faith. He contemplates the ideals of all art and the untrammelled freedom of Nature, aiming perhaps nearer to the secret as he marks the inalterable round of seasons, and how winter draws itself together with bitter contraction to burst into the ferment, the vernal revel of spring. He snatches at the wings of dreams; he confronts the phalanx of great problems and the most shadowy suggestions alike; but he has not the clue to the labyrinth; he knows not that this eternal alternation is Life itself, and that he must look deeper still. The heart, unsupported by the intellect, now fails him also. He hears, perhaps, of the teachers of the East, or of the "Leaders of the world" from whom, "*when the wind is blowing*," comes the mystical fragrance which is the ambrosia of the soul.[1] But the wind is not then blowing (that is—his time has not come in the Law), and it is borne in upon him that he is but one of millions along the centuries who have given a momentary cry out of the press of existence, and have then returned contentedly to the "flesh pots of Egypt." He has yet to prove that he possesses, in some degree at least, the power of flight. So he receives no valid or enduring comfort from any of these directions; and meanwhile, all about him, the enticements of Life are plucking at his garments, the currents of the world are urging him to and fro. Here, many desist; he who perseveres listens next *within*. He

1 Saddharma Pundarika.

hears vaguely, now this prompting and now that, in the multiform vacillations of the soul, itself bewildered by the long sojourn in matter; even the inner sanctuary, in which he most trusts, seems to betray his hope. Then if his soul be as yet weak, his thought fails, the spiritual vision fades into the mists, and he resumes the accustomed march of life, keeping "lock step," with his imprisoned companions like one awakening, heavy and unrefreshed, from the phantasmagoria of dreams. We lose sight of him in the struggling multitude; he has leapt from the wave only to fall back into the depths. But he who is strong, rendered stronger still as he gathers to himself the forces he has overcome, now discards all other powers, and takes his resolute stand upon his own nature. He declares that since he can conceive a higher Life, it must exist within his reach, and he wills with an indomitable will to attain it. How, he knows not, but he relies upon that inner prompting alone.

Then he makes the appeal unto Cæsar. By Cæsar he is never unheard.

In those shining spheres where dwell the glorious ones forever, all is peace and silence. A far sound travels up the star strewn cope. The stir of its approach touches the Gods with a tremor; they thrill to it, bending closer, for it has that charm which alone conjures them, the essential charm of humanity.[1] It is the voice of man, which selfless, is stronger than all the angels, and selfish, is weaker than the dumb plaint of the brute. Perhaps this is the first intelligence of the wanderer received in his Father's house. Perhaps they have heard it coming before, and Life has beaten it back. Nearer it comes and nearer, gaining force as it advances, from the sympathies of heaven's messengers and powers all leaping forth to increase and sustain it; it falls like a star into the sea of eternity which swells to meet it, and ripples spread and overflow, magical, musical and full of healing. Oh! with what exultant flight, with what a rush of glory the strong voice of humanity cleaves the interstellar space and opens up the way from Gods to men. Along that way, long retarded souls come flocking after, jubilant among the jewelled auroras. Celestial spheres flash responsively: the silver echoes waken, and God proclaims to God, with solemn triumph, that man once more has claimed his own! "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."[2] For this hour the God has waited longer than souls can remember. The power of the divine self rests upon the rights of the man who has appealed to it. They are the two poles of a sphere, and the might of the higher can only be universally manifest, below as above, through complete union with the lower. This union ensures immortality to the human soul, and the splendor of distinct fruition to the

1 In the Hindu and Buddhist books we find this referred to as, the growing warm of Indra, or other Diety, who thus knows that his interposition below is needed: as, when Buddha's father wished to build a lotus pond: then Indra, in one night had it done.—J. N.

2 St. Luke xv, 10 and 7.

divine spirit. So when the Higher Self hears the appeal, it responds to the holiest of pledges. This appeal may have been made before in other ages, and the present cry may be the renewal of forgotten vows; or it may now be made for the first time in the first expansion of psychic evolution. For this no special rule can be given. In each life all previous lives repeat themselves, just as the law of reproductive thought or association operates at any cataclysm, so that all similar events may thus be seen. Each sleep brings up all former sleep, and an accident to-day would enable one sufficiently developed to see and feel all the accidents that had before come to the sufferer.[1] So it seems that there comes finally one incarnation which repeats with emphasis the sum total of all other lives, so that the man is hurried through the round of experience with furious rapidity. Such an incarnation ripens the period known as "the moment of choice." The actual advent of this period is denoted by the strength of the soul which encounters it: it must *know*, before it can decide. It is not a "moment" in the usual sense of the word, but a period of greater or lesser duration, and I believe it may even extend over several lives. It cannot be entered upon, until the appeal to Cæsar has been made.

This appeal is not really the initiative. The spark within, which we carry from the Father's house as a traveller takes with him the love tokens of his home; that exiled spark awakens. It does so because it has at last heard a messenger from the heavenly mansion, and it asserts its remembrance in answer, just as ties of blood assert themselves when estranged brothers meet suddenly in foreign lands, or as the bonds of humanity draw close, in automatic and inherent action, before a common danger. The divine spark knows, what the mind of man ignores, and what the soul forgets, that there is peril for its associates, even peril of eternal death. As from time to time the God remembers the wanderer, so its responsive longings break forth in muffled warning within the troubled breast of man. The Great one, waiting patiently through the ages, sends airy heralds, an impulse of power, a formless, soundless, vibratory message like a flaming light, down the mysterious thread which connects man and God as the moonbeam connects earth and sky. Up that wondrous way every aspiration of man must travel, and down it scintillate the responses of that enduring Love by which alone we live.

He who is strong now passes into a blank darkness, which no power can penetrate for him: from the vortex of pain he suddenly snatches his soul and places it upon the outer verge of peace. Then he must find his way into the heart of the silence.

He is answered, I said: but he does not always hear the answer. The

1 A friend, sitting recently with an injured man, saw in the astral light an accident that had happened to him 25 years before.—J. N.

spiritual language is not understood by him. At first, the echoes of his own need are all that come back to him, fraught with a majesty and a pathos from the spheres they have touched, which often intoxicate him into a passion of self pity. He does not recognize that this added grandeur is the olive branch brought him from beyond the waste of waters; that it is a guarantee of the divine hearing. He does not know that its significance enters his heart, his eyes, his speech, and that in the added dignity of his mien, weary seekers feel blindly an assurance that the higher life exists. They feel, though too often unable to translate clearly, that another has called upon Cæsar and that the Supreme Power lives. He has touched it for a moment, though he knows it not, and all are heartened though none may discover it of himself or of the others.

A certain melancholy then floods the heart of the seeker. It is a sadness sweeter than the ringing clamor of worldly joys; its aftertaste is gracious and not fevered. It is "that which in the beginning is as poison, and in the end is as the water of life."[1] He continues to meditate and to search his soul; to look for truth apart from his conceptions of it; to distinguish the necessities of his lower nature from the intuitions of his higher nature (though both seemingly speak through the one voice,) and to send up aspirations to the God, who responds with a vivifying shower of new hopes. He feels them faintly. For as the ray of light speeds to his succor, it encounters the material darkness in which he lives. A small portion of it may pass through and invigorate his heart, but part is refracted by the things about him, reflected in the surface thoughts and customs of the world and reaches him distorted and falsified. Then too, the more powerful the ray, the more the darkness, receding before it, impacts itself about him, denser than ever, and the faults, the errors nearest his heart are driven home and hold riot there. So it often happens that when rescue is nearest it seems to the beleaguered one immeasurably remote, and that the response of Cæsar seems to condemn him in the mocking voices of despair and sin. Men fancy that the answer of the Divine Self must bring peace; it is not so at first. Jesus said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."[2] There is much warfare yet; only through it do we enter into the peace. We have to wrestle with the power, as Jacob did with the angel, before it will wholly bless us. When it does so, it is for the sake of humanity and man must make his appeal for the same reason. This is the rite of sacrifice which the Gita speaks of as having been instituted from the beginning—this interchange with the Divine. Having consciously appealed, we have challenged the Supreme: we have placed ourselves within the grasp of the law and the compact must be kept. Nor can we advance until then. A master once wrote to one who asked to become his

1 Bhagavad-Gita, Ch. 18.
2 St. Math. ch. 10. v. 34.

disciple: "May the powers to which you have appealed *be permitted by still greater and much higher powers* to help you." He meant the Great One and the law.

I knew a seeker after Truth who was beaten back at every point. He lay prostrate in despair under the most awful weight that ever crushes the human soul. All his nature cried out for God. He felt a touch that rolled the stone away and looking upward, he beheld in the air above him a shape of light all calm and resplendent, whose aspect was a transfiguration of his own. More I know not, but this my brother who was lost has been found again.

There are many of you, my comrades, who stand in just this stead; you have called and you have been answered; but you have not heard. You will say to me: "How shall we hear, and how interpret the voice?" I cannot tell you this; there are as many ways as there are men. Each of you, and he only, is judge of himself; he and Cæsar. But I can assure you that every aspiration you feel, and the renewal of them, are messages from the God. His replies may take the shape of added sorrows and gathering storms, for all these are the means of your trial and your growth, and you have elected them yourself, sowing their seeds in other lives. Try then to look upon each as just the help which you now need. So long as you have an unselfish thought, you are not deserted; so long as you have faith, you have heard. This succor stands fast in the True: it can never be uprooted, severed or lessened. It is your inheritance, your right which no one can deny you but yourself. Even your ignorance can only obscure it. The true voice will speak to you of the sorrows of the world, of the grand futurity of mankind, of your diviner Self.

The hour of appeal is the pregnant moment. If you lose it now, how long may you not have to wait, powerless dreamers in the heavenly lands, tasting rich rewards which fail at last? Then you must return again from that world of effects to this one. Seek the world of cause instead. Causes are sovereign; they alone are eternal.

Amid the roar of the world, the stupendous rush of its fierce tides, the swoop of its hurricanes, the fell power of its lightnings which reveal only darkness to the seared soul; amid its miasmatic pettiness, amid its joys and its better hopes, cling still to that one thought which, like the sea gull, can well outride a thousand storms, the thought of that Humanity which shall merge into Divinity; the thought of the Self, the All. Strengthen it with all the love of your heart, all the sweetness of your nature, and send up a mighty cry to heaven. For when through the spirit, the man wills, when his soul soars to claim its right, then distant spheres are shaken and Being is apprehended. Appeal! Appeal unto Cæsar!

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

Answers to Questioners.

From Walter B.

1st.—Is it well to cultivate the intellect at the expense of the heart? Do we not pay too much attention to intellectual progress, and in so doing allow the Heart-Mind to wander where it may?

Answer.—It is not wise to cultivate either at the expense of the other. Each alone will end at the same place—The Threshold. Both are excellent means for the manifestation of that which is higher than either, when cultivated to their highest in unison. Both are useless after a certain point, except as tools for truth. Metaphysics, logic and emotion all end at a dead wall.

2d.—Do not the words and teachings of Jesus, taken in their esoteric sense, point one (the) way to the Theosophic Path?

Answer.—Taken in the sense he intended the people to take them, they lead to *the way*. Taken in the sense in which he desired his Disciples to receive them, they are teachings upon *the way*. Taken in their esoteric sense—as he knew them—they *are the way*. Were the wisdom of Egypt and India to-day blotted out from both the seen and unseen worlds—the true seeker would find in his teachings, *when rightly studied*, all the teachings of Isis and Buddha. As he received his instruction from Egypt, heired from India, it is more than probable that esoterically his teachings are identical with both. ZADOK.

From F. F.

Will the Devachanic period form an interruption to work for humanity in the case of one devoted to this during earth life? Is Devachan then a rejuvenating, strengthening period necessary for us while in the bonds of flesh, and is the Elixir of Life the only escape from this egoistic period? May an answer be given to this?

Answer.—As the Devachanic period is a result of work for humanity—the true and pure devachanic state being only thus obtained—it should form no interruption to such work. It only does become such when the soul is selfish enough to prefer Devachan to a continuance of work for other men, and even then to a certain extent the soul continues its work. There is rest in Devachan, but not idleness. As this state is frequently entered and passed through while yet in the body, it should be an aid, not a hindrance, to true work. In truth it is a state of reward, but in that state no rewards are received. There is no state up to Nirvana that can be an obstacle to work for humanity for those who are devoted to that work. The Elixir of Life is the only means by which we can pass beyond both Devachan and the thoughts of it; the Magnum Opus is the only thing that entitles us to it. ZADOK.

From M. E. S.

1st.—Are the Astral and the lowest plane of mental life synonomous terms?

Answer.—They are not. The impulses for all mental life originate beyond the Astral. The outer man with his mind interprets these as he conceives they should be. The lowest as well as the highest mental life may receive knowledge from the Astral, but it is not the Astral. All that all forms of mental life produce is indelibly impressed upon the Astral.

2d.—Is the "rising above the Astral" in effect rising above the stings and approbation of public opinion?

Answer.—For us, there is no public opinion. We know neither sting nor approbation. Rising above public opinion is merely rising above the material. Until men forget the material, they can not rise above self. Until they forget self, they can not rise above the Astral: All things that please as well as those that distress men are in and through the Astral. Rise above both.

ZADOK.

From M. J. G.

Whence come the visions seen just before dropping to sleep? They are uncontrollable—Sometimes unpleasant, and have increased since childhood, and since beginning the study of Occultism?

Answer.—When we enter that condition called sleep, we open wide the doors and windows of the body or this house we live in, and the soul goes forth as a bird freed from its cage. In partial unconsciousness or falling into sleep, the body has, to a great extent, ceased to act, but the brain is still sensitive or receptive to the pictures or impressions of the Astral. Of the lower principles the Astral is the last to cease action either in sleep or death. The brain is its instrument. In the partial somnolent condition, the pictures of the Astral are conveyed to the brain; through that the outer man realizes and beholds the visions. If he were fully asleep these visions would be dreams. Precisely, as dreams, they may be either pleasant or the reverse. Like dreams they are uncontrollable by the ordinary every day mortal. The Occultist being master of himself beholds only that which he desires, either in vision, or dream, or neither. As one makes himself more sensitive to impressions from the Astral when and after he begins the study of Occultism, visions and dreams will increase in frequency for a time.

ZADOK.

M. G. J., & Adelphi.—The questions will be answered in February PATH.

Theosophical Aspects

Of Contemporary Thought and Literature.

"At Pinney's Ranch." By Edward Bellamy. *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1887. A realistic and graphically told story with "mind reading" or "thought transference," for a motive. Mr. Bellamy is the author of the story called "The Blindman's World" in a recent number of the same magazine, alluded to in these pages in the October number. The author has a partiality for occult subjects and he uses his material well. The final words in this story read like a satire on some of our psychical research friends.

"The Soul of the Far East." By Percival Lowell. *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1887. With this number Mr. Lowell closes his brilliantly written series, which has been devoted chiefly to Japan, with simply side-glances at China and Corea. Mr. Lowell has a more delicate perception and views his subject with more fairness and candor than most writers on that part of the world. We feel, however, that he has not avoided the common danger of reaching conclusions on the ground of generalizations too broadly drawn. These closing two chapters are devoted respectively to "religion" and "imagination." In their external aspects Mr. Lowell sees but slight difference between Buddhism and Christianity, but looking deeper he deems the radical difference to be that between personality. With his evident faculty of spiritual discernment, should Mr. Lowell look deeper yet he would find this fancied distinction merely an imagined illusion, and the teachings of these two aspects of the One Truth really identical. Let him consider what is meant by the words, "He that loseth his life shall save it," and he will discover that while the true individuality is not lost sight of in either religion, Christianity, at the basis, is no more a religion of personality than is Buddhism, from which it sprang. Here is a beautiful example of the author's descriptive powers: "Not uncommonly in the courtyard of a Japanese temple, in the solemn half-light of the somber ferns, there stands a large stone basin cut from a single block, and full to the brim with water. The trees, the basin, and a few stone lanterns—so called from their form and not their function, for they have votive pebbles where we should look for wicks—are the sole occupants of the place. Sheltered from the wind, withdrawn from sound, and only piously approached by man, this ante-chamber of the god seems the very abode of silence and rest. It might be Nirvana itself, human entrance to an immortality like the god's within, so peaceful, so pervasive, is its calm; and in its midst is the moss-covered monolith, holding in its embrace the little imprisoned pool of water. So still is the spot and so clear the liquid that you know the one only as the reflection of the other. Mirrored in its glassy surface appears everything around it. As you peer in, far down you see a tiny bit of sky, as deep as the blue is high above, across which slowly sail the passing clouds; then nearer stand the trees; arching over head as if bending to catch glimpses of themselves in that other world

below; and then nearer yet—yourself. Emblem of the spirit of man is the little pool to Far Oriental eyes. Subtile as the soul is the incomprehensible water; so responsive to light that it remains itself invisible; so clear that it seems illusion! Though portrayer so perfect of the forms about it, all we know of the thing itself is that it is. Through none of the five senses do we perceive it. Neither sight, nor hearing, nor taste, nor smell nor touch can tell us that it exists; we feel it to be by the muscular sense alone, that blind and dumb analogy for the body of what consciousness is for the soul. Only when disturbed, troubled, does the water itself become visible, and then it is but the surface that we see. So to the Far Oriental this still little lake typifies the soul, the eventual purification of his own; a something lost in reflection, self-effaced, only the *alter ego* of the outer world."

"THE EFFECTS OF TOWN LIFE UPON THE HUMAN BODY." By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D. *The National Review*, [England], October, 1887. Dr. Fothergill read this paper before the Anthropological section of the British Association for the advancement of science at its meeting in Manchester last summer. He brings strong evidence to show that town populations are steadily deteriorating and he finds the main cause to be the intemperate use of animal food. The premature development of the nervous system caused by the constant excitement of the town-dweller impairs his digestive organs, and the fact that meat is easily digested beguiles him into the belief that it is healthful. The sense of satiety which it produces, and the fact that it digests in the stomach without giving rise to dyspeptic sensations, have beguiled many "down a primrose path leading to destruction" The flesh of animals is commonly known, says Dr. Fothergill, as the great source of gout-poison; in other words, "uric acid." Gout, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and consumption, he traces very largely to this source. "The realization of the fact that the digestive faculties of town-dwellers lead them to adopt a dietary which is injurious in its after results, will cause them to correct it. Already, indeed, we see many blindly starting out on a new track in the spread of vegetarianism, along with the 'Blue Ribbon.' In this action they have not waited for physiology to pronounce an authoritative opinion; but have acted on their own account, guided by some instinctive impulse. Modifications in our food customs are required for town-dwellers. They should have food which will nourish them and sustain them, without any bad after effects; and which they can digest."

A TRUE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY. An event which ought to mark the beginning of an era in the history of the Christian religion took place in Boston on the sixth of last November. It was a farewell meeting held in the Second Church in honor of the departure of the Rev. Arthur May Knapp for Japan as representative of the American Unitarian Association. For the first time an important leading Christian denomination thus officially recognizes the equality of another great prevailing religion. It is a great stride towards the realizations of the dream of Theosophy when all religions shall recognize that each and all are but vehicles for conveying the One Truth in the manner best fitted to the comprehensions of the people to whom they are

particularly addressed. Another instance of this growing solidarity of the world's great faiths in their attitude towards each other is the conclusion of the English bishop, recently announced, that Mahometanism appeared to be the most suitable religion to promote the civilization of Africa. These circumstances afford bright contrasts to the benighted attitude of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, bent on preaching damnation to the heathen. Here are some of the noble words spoken by Mr. Knapp, words which will find an echo in the heart of every true Theosophist:

"Here, at home, we have learned to respect differences of religious belief among each other. The sects of Christendom no longer revile one another as of old. We recognize the fact that each has its work to do,—an essential work,—its special idea to inculcate,—an idea necessary to supplement the thoughts of other sects,—its own food to furnish,—genuine food for those who like it and can assimilate it. We realize the fact, too, that no one sect can possibly convert the rest. No intelligent man now dreams that Christendom will ever become all Baptist or Methodist or Episcopalian or Unitarian. We have advanced beyond the day of toleration to that of respect for differing creeds, of respect for every creed that is genuine, that is really believed. There is amity between the sects of Christendom. But there is no real amity between the greater sects called the world's religions. Toward them, our attitude is still that of assumption, our spirit is still contemptuous, our language too often borders closely upon insult. We send not to confer with, but to convert them. The nation's office of envoy is an honored and honorable office; and he who fills it is enjoined, above all things else, to observe the most scrupulous politeness and consideration toward those with whom he deals. But the name of Christian missionary, honored as it has been by many a devoted and dauntless soul, has become nearly synonymous with arrogance and assumption. It is one of the spoiled words of religion, its spoiling being of late rendered complete by the action of the very organization pledged to uphold and defend its sacredness. The action has been criticised as the virtual proclamation that doctrines scouted at here must yet be preached to the heathen. It is also a virtual proclamation that the spirit of amity and genuine respect which now holds between the sects of Christendom is not to be observed by Christendom, as a whole, toward the other great world sects. The missionary, in other words, must still be the messenger of arrogance, the bearer of a direct or implied affront to those to whom he is accredited,—an affront not only to their faith, but to their intelligence. Now, it is needless to say that the purpose of my errand to a people famed the world over for their charming manners and their exquisite politeness is not conceived in the spirit of assumption or of insult, but rather in the spirit of that genuine respect, sympathy, and consideration which lies at the foundation of politeness. I am not to say to the children of a civilization which, though different, is in many respects superior to ours, My religion—that is, the spirit of my civilization—is the absolute truth, while yours is utterly false; and, if you do not embrace mine, you are doomed to everlasting perdition. I am not going to begin with an insult and end with a

threat. My errand, in a word, is not a theological mission; it is a religious embassy. It is not a mission to heathen: it is an embassy to voice that faith in the light of which, both outwardly and at heart, it is to be guided by the spirit of courtesy, by an eager desire to enter into the consciousness of those with whom I deal, by an entire willingness to learn as well as to teach. But, as it is conference, not conversion, at which I aim, I propose to do that which I respect in others. I propose to stand upon my own feet, and to be to the end the representative of the religious ideas in which, thank God, my youth was nurtured, which have strengthened with years, and to which brains as well as heart are now thoroughly loyal. It is this which constitutes the uniqueness and the greatness of my opportunity,—an opportunity which I deem as golden as any given to any man in this century. For the first time, I believe, in its history, Christianity sends officially an ambassador to meet the men of other religions on the common ground of Theism, to deal with other faiths not in the spirit of assumption, but of perfect courtesy. It is this which gives me my golden opportunity. It is this, I must never forget, which lays upon me a heavy burden of responsibility."

Tea Table Talk.

An inquiry was lately made by a theosophist striving to live the life: "Can I help these ignorant elementals with mental instruction? I tried it, but not successfully." As many will be interested in the reply, we give it here.

"In all cases where it (trouble or mental distress) is caused by elementals, you *cannot*. Elementals are not ignorant. They know just as much and just as little as you do. They merely mirror to you either your own mind, or that mental strata caused by the age, the race and the nation you may be in. Their action is invariably automatic and unconscious. They care not for what is called by you, 'mental instruction.' They hear you not.

"Do you know how they hear or what language they understand? Not human speech, nor ordinary human thought clothed in mental speech. That is a dead letter to them altogether. They can only be communicated with through correlations of colors and sounds. But while you address yourself to them those thoughts assume life from elementals rushing in and attaching themselves to those thoughts.

"Do not then try to speak to them too much, because did you make them know they might demand of you some boon or privilege, or become attached to you, since in order to make them understand they must *know* you—and a photographic plate forgets not.

"Fear them not, nor recoil in horror or repulsion. The time of trial must be fulfilled. Job had to wait his period until all his troubles and diseases passed away. *Before* that time he could do naught.

"But we are not to idly sit and repine; we are to bear these trials, meanwhile drawing in new and good elementals so as to have, in western phrase, a capital on which to draw when the time of trial has fully passed away * * * * Lastly: know this law, written on the walls of the temple of learning:

"Having received, freely give: having once in thought devoted your life to the great stream of energy in which elementals and souls alike are carried—and which causes the pulse beat of our hearts—you can never claim it back again. *Seek then that mental devotion which strains to give.* For in the Law it is written that we must give away all, or we lose it; as you need mental help, so do others who are wandering in darkness seeking for light."

This divine Law, uttered by no man, by no Being however great, but Itself a part of the Divine Nature, is the Law of Love. It bids us give all that we have, and "to him who hath" this Love, more "shall be given."

"*Sacred Learning* having approached a Brahmin, said to him: 'I am thy precious gem; preserve me with care; deliver me not to a scorner; so preserved I shall be supremely strong. But communicate me, as to a vigilant depositary of thy gem, to that student whom thou shalt know to be pure, to have subdued his passions, to perform the duties of his order?'"

One who had won the right and the sacred duty of teacher, once said: "That law is immutably fixed which declares that he who has received spiritual benefit, no matter how little, must not willingly die, unless he has communicated that which he has received to at least one other person. And therein it is also stated that by *communicating* is meant, not merely verbal delivery, but patient care until that other person fully understands. Having once turned thy mind to the light of that True Sun, thou hath cast thyself upon that great stream of divine energy which flows to and from that Sun; and nevermore canst thou claim back for thyself that life; live then so that the duty may be well performed."

Sometimes persons catch a picture of a thought in the astral light, in advance of its utterance, for this light exists in the brain as well as elsewhere: often this picture becomes curiously mixed up in a dream. Among examples frequently sent the Tea Table, these are selected. X was at a meeting where some papers were to be read and discussed. H rose to read and said to X; "which shall I read first; the paper on insects, or the paper on a neophyte's trials?" C who was a listener, interrupted carelessly with: "The Neophyte's trials," and X chimed in with a,—"Yes, do! Then you'll have the medal." H looked astonished, gazed at X ejaculated "Humph!" and then began to read, when the first sentence proved to be about a medal.

On another occasion, Quickly was presiding officer of a literary club, when Jones rose to read a paper whose contents and subject were unknown to all. As he rose, he said: "Mr. Chairman, have I the privilege of going on now with my paper?" Quickly answered in the affirmative, and then turning to the members who were not quite orderly, he said in playful misquotation: "'Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend Jones your ears.'" Jones

began, and his first paragraph contained the quotation from Antony's speech over Cæsar.

A friend tells the Tea Table of a still more interesting case. The chief actor in it "is a man in the prime of life, of a naturally strong and healthy constitution, and was never in the least degree superstitious or apparently psychically sensitive. I doubt if he ever heard of Theosophy; certainly he has never read anything of theosophic literature or the like. He is in religious matters a member of one of the Protestant denominations, an active worker in Church and Sunday School, and by nature of broad views in all matters. One night this gentleman dreamed that it had been decreed by a power he could not resist that his daughter, whom he devotedly loves, must be given up; that she must die. The thought was terrible to him, and he appealed to the power (or rather the powers as he thought, though having in the dream no clear conception of what these powers were) to spare her life. They were inexorable. At last he asked that he might be allowed to give his own life to save hers. This offer was accepted, and he prepared for the last scene, which seemed to him to be of the character of a public execution. At the last moment he heard a voice saying that he had been tried, and the powers were satisfied that his offer to give his life for that of his child, was a generous one, so that his willingness would be accepted in place of the actual sacrifice and both should live. But the matter being a serious one, the voice declared it could not pass by so lightly, to be soon forgotten, and hence a portion of his strength must be taken away: he must lose his right arm. As he told the story afterward he said: "As long as I live I shall never forget the feeling with which I stretched out my right arm on the block; the feeling of proud, almost joyful satisfaction, that I could by this sacrifice save the life of my dear child?" When he awoke, the whole dream was so distinct in his mind that he told it all in detail to his wife: then rising and dressing, he went out immediately to give some directions about his business before breakfast. He had not gone more than two or three blocks when his feet slipped on the wet sidewalk; he threw his right arm quickly behind to break the fall, felt a severe jar and sharp pain, and when he rose, he found the arm was powerless. His family physician pronounced the injury to be a fracture of the shoulder blade, but on hearing the circumstances, said it was impossible to break the shoulder blade save by a direct blow, but an expert surgeon who was summoned confirmed the first opinion, though he too had never heard of such an indirect fracture. For six weeks the arm was held absolutely motionless and powerless. You see here are all the elements of authenticity, the dream being told to another person before there was any indication of its fulfillment; the close correspondence of the injury to the nature of the sacrifice demanded in the dream; and finally, the disablement being caused in a way which an eminent surgeon pronounces almost unprecedented in surgical experience.

The above narrative also shows how we are liable to get our most dominant thoughts of waking life, mixed up with that which we see or hear in dreams, and indicates how these, as well as the visions of clairvoyants and

seers are affected by the personality and its brain reminiscences. Only an Adept can be sure of seeing into the "Astral Light" unhampered by his personality, because he alone knows how to control the vibrations of the brain and to—so to say—paralyze it for the time being. An extract from Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, shows how much is bound up in this question of vibration, and many scientific hints are given as to cosmic principles, which if applied to the constitution of man, will amply repay the thoughtful student.

Paracelsus says that dreams and visions indicative of future events are caused by the "*Evestrum*," which comes into existence and grows with the body, remaining with it so long as a particle of the matter which composes it exists. He means the sidereal body, of which this "Evestrum" appears to be one of the powers, just as "Sraramas" is another invisible power or attribute of the inner man, "which begins to be able to manifest itself at a time when the senses of the inner perception become developed. The Evestrum influences the sense of sight; Sraramas the sense of hearing; the Evestrum causes dreams foreshadowing future events; Sraramas communicates with man by causing voices to speak, music to sound, and so on.[1] In the *Theosophist* are several allusions to the sounds heard by the occult student, as well as in Patanjali. Sound is the peculiar property of the Ether and its advent naturally marks the vitalizing and awakening of the inner man. But in these instances as in dreams, we must be careful merely to note what we see or hear, without drawing rash conclusions or "forming associations" as Patanjali puts it. Nothing hinders growth like the intense desire to grow, which is another form of desire for self. I wish I could illuminate the following lines which I was so fortunate as to receive, (fortunate, because they are true and blessed lines,) and hang them where their radiance might meet the eye of all my comrades and friends.

"I want you to stop as much as possible any wish to progress. The intense desire to know and to become, and to reach the light, is different from the thought:—I am not progressing; I know nothing.—The latter is looking for results. The right position to take is the wish *to Be*. For then we know. *The wish to know is almost solely intellectual, and the desire to Be, is of the heart.* For instance, when you succeed in seeing a distant friend, that is not knowledge: that is the fact of *Being* in the condition or vibration that *is* that friend at the time. The translation of it into a mental reckoning or explanation, is what is called knowledge. To see an elemental on the astral plane, is for the time *to be*, in some part of our nature, in that state or condition. Of course there are vast fields of Being we cannot hope to reach yet. But while we strive to become divine and set our final hopes no lower than that supreme condition, we can wholly and entirely learn *to be* that plane which is presented to us now."

The whole value of these words is summed up in their final teaching. Fulfil all the duties, answer all the honest calls of the life you are now living; be true to all men and to the light you now have; then more will be given, and then only. This is the first step of "living the life." JULIUS.

1 See Hartman's Trans., p. 73.

Literary Notes.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.[1]—This noble poem has been translated once more from the original Sanscrit into English. This time the translator is Mohini M. Chatterji, B. A., of Calcutta, who came to England in 1884 with Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and from there to Boston, Mass., where he stayed for several months with members of the Theosophical Society. While in Boston he made this translation. The book is well printed, on heavy paper, and has many notes referring to the Christian Scriptures. As Mr. Chatterji, for some reason of his own, has refrained from any exposition of the highly important doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, this translation has not for us the value which it would have under different circumstances, since there are now many renderings into English, beginning with that of Wilkins some 100 years ago. The poem itself needs no remark from us as one of our contributors is now making comments upon it from the standpoint of a Western student.

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN is writing a new theosophical novel at his residence in Germany. The plot is extremely interesting. It will probably be published in Boston, Mass., in a few months.

THE THEOSOPHIST has not been given up by H. P. Blavatsky, as some seemed to think from the withdrawal of her name from the cover. The impression has been corrected by a notice stating that all editorial responsibility is assumed by Col. Olcott for the present, and on the cover his name appears as conducting the Journal "*pro tem.*"

LUCIFER continues to be deeply instructive, and militant. The notes on *Light on the Path* are very valuable and all the articles by H. P. Blavatsky are full of occult suggestions. Her article on the Esoteric Character of the Gospels is full of information, and should be studied by all Western dabblers in Christian Mysticism before false ideas obtain firm lodgment.

Theosophical Activities.

IN AMERICA.

THE EXOTERIC BRANCH SOCIETIES in the U. S. now number fifteen.

CHICAGO BRANCH T. S., held its annual meeting Dec. 2, inst., and reelected all its officers of last year, adding a second Vice President. 24 members were added during the year, and 7 old members retired, 5 for the purpose of forming a new Branch. Meetings have increased in interest and harmony has prevailed. They believe that true progress lies only through true union. Open discussions on theosophical questions have been a means of growth. The Prest., Bro. Sexton, has been of great assistance as well as others. The Cor. Sec. is Mrs. M. L. Brainard.

1 *Bhagavad-Gita; or the Lord's Lay*: (1887), Ticknor & Co., Boston, $2.00.

The Hermetist, a small monthly, is published by members of the Ramayana T. S. of Chicago, and edited by Bro. W. P. Phelon.

BOSTON.—The Branch here has become very active recently. Interesting papers were lately read by new members. Bro. C. R. Kendall, who as President led the Branch to its present excellent condition, retired from that office, and Bro. J. Ransom Bridge has taken his place.

KRISHNA T. S. of Philadelphia.—In consequence of the absence of Bro. Redwitz, the affairs of the Branch are conducted by other members, one of whom has specially devoted to it a room on Walnut St., where the library is kept, and which members can use when they please. Bro. Redwitz has given several books.

THE ISHWARA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Minneapolis, Minn., has just been chartered. Dr. La Pierre is President. Fuller particulars will appear in February.

THE ARYAN T. S. OF N. Y., continues its activity. Meetings are held every week. The library is much in use. Recently a series of papers on Karma have been read and discussed. New members who are in earnest have joined. The library has received last month, two pamphlets from a friend, and Mrs. Chandos Leigh Hunt's book on mesmerism from Bro. Paul Militz. At the meeting December 27th, Bro. Stearns, of the Boston T. S., visited the Aryan and read an interesting and valuable paper.

NO. 4 OF THE ABRIDGEMENTS OF DISCUSSIONS has been printed and partially distributed. Its contents are interesting. A valuable note from an eminent physician, an F. T. S., is on hand for No. 5, treating of the pineal gland. Copies of No. 4 for distribution can be had by addressing Box 2659 enclosing stamps for postage.

IN INDIA.

By the time this issue of THE PATH is distributed the Annual Convention will have been held at Madras. It will be very large and interesting.

Among the new Indian members is Mr. A. V. Nursing Row, F. R. A. S., F. R. G. S., Director of the Vizagapatam Astronomical Observatory. We mention this merely as an offset to the repeated statements, emanating from India missionary headquarters, that the Society makes no headway among intelligent Hindus. The fact is that it makes headway among no other class there, for the unintelligent do not speak English.

We notice also that Hon. Dayaram Jethmal of the Legislative Council at Bombay, Dr. Ram Das Sen of Berhampore, a popular author, and the principal of the Madras Maharajah's college, all of whom died recently, were members of our Society.

At Bezwada, and at Ellore (Godavari District), in September, new Branches were organized by Col. Olcott.

On October 6th, a Branch was formed under the title of Masulipatam Theosophical Society.

IN JAPAN.

A charter has been granted to Mr. Kinzo Hirai and associates to form a Branch Society at Kiyoto.

IN AUSTRIA.

A strong Branch has been formed at Vienna, with Herr Friedrich Eckstein, as President, and Herr Dr. Graevell, as Secretary. Its rules permit only vegetarians as members. It will be extremely active.

A Theosophical Tract.

[ISSUED BY NEW YORK THEOSOPHISTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.]

No. 1.

An Epitome of Theosophy.

Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion, has existed from immemorial time. It offers us a theory of nature and of life which is founded upon knowledge acquired by the Sages of the past, more especially those of the East; and its higher students claim that this knowledge is not something imagined or inferred, but that it is seen and known by those who are willing to comply with the conditions. Some of its fundamental propositions are:

1.—That the spirit in man is the only real and permanent part of his being; the rest of his nature being variously compounded, and decay being incident to all composite things, everything in man but his spirit is **impermanent.**

Further, that the universe being one thing and not diverse, and everything within it being connected with the whole and with every other, of which upon the upper plane above referred to there is a perfect knowledge, no act or thought occurs without each portion of the great whole perceiving and noting it. Hence all are inseparably **bound together by the tie of Brotherhood.**

2.—That below the spirit and above the intellect is a plane of consciousness in which experiences are noted, commonly called man's "spiritual nature": this is as susceptible of culture as his body or **his intellect.**

3.—That this spiritual culture is only attainable as the grosser interests, passions, and demands of the flesh are subordinated to the interests, aspirations, and needs of the higher nature; and that this is a matter **of both system and established law.**

4.—That men thus systematically trained attain to clear insight into the immaterial, spiritual world, their interior faculties apprehending Truth as immediately and readily as physical faculties grasp the things of sense, or mental faculties those of reason; and hence that their testimony to such Truth is as trustworthy as is that of scientists or philosophers to truth in their respective fields.

5.—That in the course of this spiritual training such men acquire perception of and control over various forces in Nature unknown to others,

and thus are able to perform works usually called "miraculous," though really but the result of larger knowledge of natural law.

6.—That their testimony as to super-sensuous truth, verified by their possession of such powers, challenges candid examination from every religious mind.

Turning now to the system expounded by these Sages, we find as its main points:—

1.—An account of cosmogony, the past and future of this earth and other planets, the evolution of life through mineral, vegetable, animal, and human forms.

2.—That the affairs of this world and its people are subject to cyclic laws, and that during any one cycle the rate or quality of progress appertaining to a different cycle is not possible.

3.—The existence of a universally diffused and highly ethereal medium, called the "Astral Light" or "Akasa," which is the repository of all past, present, and future events, and which records the effects of spiritual causes and of all acts and thoughts from the direction of either spirit or matter. It may be called the Book of the Recording Angel.

4.—The origin, history, development, and destiny of mankind.

Upon the subject of *Man* it teaches:—

1.—That each spirit is a manifestation of the One Spirit, and thus a part of all. It passes through a series of experiences in incarnation, and is destined to ultimate re-union with the Divine.

2.—That this incarnation is not single but repeated, each individuality becoming re-embodied during numerous existences in successive races and planets, and accumulating the experiences of each incarnation towards its perfection.

3.—That between adjacent incarnations, after grosser elements are first purged away, comes a period of comparative rest and refreshment, the spirit being therein prepared for its next advent into material life.

4.—That the nature of each incarnation depends upon the merit and demerit of the previous life or lives, upon the way in which the man has lived and *thought;* and that this law is inflexible and wholly just.

5.—That "Karma,"—a term signifying two things, the law of ethical causation, (Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap), and the balance or excess of merit or demerit in any individual, determines also the main experiences of joy and sorrow in each incarnation, so that what men call "luck" is in reality "desert,"—desert acquired in past existence.

6.—That the process of evolution up to re-union with the Divine contemplates successive elevations from rank to rank of power and usefulness, the most exalted beings still in the flesh being known as Sages, Rishees, Brothers, Masters, their great function being the preservation at all times, and, when cyclic laws permit, the extension, of spiritual knowledge and influence among humanity.

7.—That when union with the Divine is effected, all the events and experiences of each incarnation are known.

As to the *process* of spiritual development it teaches :—

1.—That the essence of the process lies in the securing of supremacy to the highest, the spiritual, element of man's nature.

2.—That this is attained along four lines, among others,—

(*a.*) The eradication of selfishnesss in all forms, and the cultivation of broad, generous sympathy in and effort for the good of others.

(*b.*) The cultivation of the inner, spiritual man by meditation, communion with the Divine, and exercise.

(*c.*) The control of fleshly appetites and desires, all lower, material interests being deliberately subordinated to the behests of the spirit.

(*d.*) The careful performance of every duty belonging to one's station in life, without desire for reward, leaving results to Divine law.

3.—That while the above is incumbent on and practicable by all religiously-disposed men, a yet higher plane of spiritual attainment is conditioned upon a specific course of training, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, by which the internal faculties are first aroused and then developed.

4.—That an extension of this process is reached in Adeptship, an exalted stage, attained by laborious self-discipline and hardship, protracted through possibly many incarnations, and with many degrees of initiation and preferment, beyond which are yet other stages ever approaching the Divine.

As to the *rationale* of spiritual development it asserts :—

1.—That the process is entirely *within* the individual himself, the motive, the effort, the result being distinctly personal.

2.—That, however personal and interior, this process is not unaided, being possible, in fact, only through close communion with the Supreme Source of all strength.

As to the *degree* of advancement in incarnations it holds :—

1.—That even a mere intellectual acquaintance with Theosophic truth has great value in fitting the individual for a step upwards in his next earth-life, as it gives an impulse in that direction.

2.—That still more is gained by a career of duty, piety, and beneficence.
3.—That a still greater advance is attained by the attentive and devoted use of the means to spiritual culture heretofore stated.

It may be added that Theosophy is the only system of religion and philosophy which gives satisfactory explanation of such problems as these:
1.—The object, use, and inhabitation of other planets than this earth.
2.—The geological cataclysms of earth; the frequent absence of intermediate types in its fauna; the occurrence of architectural and other relics of races now lost, and as to which ordinary science has nothing but vain conjecture; the nature of extinct civilizations and the causes of their extinction; the persistence of savagery and the unequal development of existing civilization; the differences, physical and internal, between the various races of men; the line of future development.
3.—The contrasts and unisons of the world's faiths, and the common foundation underlying them all.
4.—The existence of evil, of suffering, and of sorrow,—a hopeless puzzle to the mere philanthropist or theologian.
5.—The inequalities in social condition and privilege; the sharp contrasts between wealth and poverty, intelligence and stupidity, culture and ignorance, virtue and vileness; the appearance of men of genius in families destitute of it, as well as other facts in conflict with the law of heredity; the frequent cases of unfitness of environment around individuals, so sore as to embitter disposition, hamper aspiration, and paralyse endeavor; the violent antithesis between character and condition; the occurrence of accident, misfortune, and untimely death;—all of them problems solvable only by either the conventional theory of Divine caprice or the Theosophic doctrines of Karma and Re-incarnation.
6.—The possession by individuals of psychic powers,–clairvoyance, clairaudience, &c., as well as the phenomena of psychometry and statuvolism.
7.—The true nature of genuine phenomena in spiritualism, and the proper antidote to superstition and to exaggerated expectation.
8.—The failure of conventional religions to greatly extend their areas, reform abuses, re-organize society, expand the idea of brotherhood, abate discontent, diminish crime, and elevate humanity; and an apparent inadequacy to realize in individual lives the ideal they professedly uphold.

The above is a sketch of the main features of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion. Its details are to be found in the rapidly-growing literature upon

the subject, catalogues of which may be had by enclosing a stamp to THE PATH, P. O. Box 2659, New York City, or to the Occult Publishing Co., 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. There are three stages of interest:

1.—That of intellectual inquiry,—to be met by works in Public Libraries, etc.

2.—That of desire for personal culture,—to be met partly by the books prepared for that specific end, partly by the periodical Magazines expounding Theosophy. The three leading ones are *The Theosophist*, (Adyar, Madras, India; subscription $5); *Lucifer*—the Light-Bringer, (15 York St., Covent Garden, London, England; subscription 12 shillings); *The Path*, (P. O. Box 2659, New York City; subscription $2).

3.—That of personal identification with the Theosophical Society, an association formed in 1875 with three aims,—to be the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood; to promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, and sciences; to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. Adhesion to the first only is a pre-requisite to membership, the others being optional. The Society represents no particular creed, is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Membership in the Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local President or Secretary; those "at large" to any Branch President or to the General Secretary, Wm. Q. Judge, P.O. Box 2659, New York, and the latter should enclose $2 for entrance fee and 50 cents for diploma, yearly dues being $1. Information as to organization and other points may also be obtained from the latter address, return postage being enclosed.

Branches of the Society now exist in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, (Cal.), Santa Cruz, (Cal.), Rochester, (N. Y.), Minneapolis, (Minn.), Washington, (D. C.), Cincinnati, (O.), Boston, and Malden, (Mass.).

Copies of this circular for distribution may be had from the General Secretary, at the rate of $1.00 per hundred.

"It is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well."

OM.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.